Every Monday Week Ending 18th March, 1967 Number 796

6d

TV COMIC

DOCTOR WHO and the DALEKS

The Tardis whirls through time and space, nearing its unknown destination . . .

INSIDE...
WHAT ON EARTH'S UP? THE TARDIS REFUSES TO BECOME COMPLETELY SOLID... IT'S SEMI-TRANSPARENT!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN THIS HAPPEN BEFORE!
I SEEM TO RECALL SOMETHING SIMILAR A FEW CENTURIES AGO... I CAN'T QUITE REMEMBER WHAT CAUSED IT!
I'VE GOT IT... IT'S TIME FOR THE TARDIS'S 6,000,000 MILE SERVICE!

© BBC tv 1967

WITH THIS ALL-PURPOSE OIL, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE NECESSARY SERVICING OPERATIONS IN A FEW MINUTES!
MIRACLE ALL PURPOSE OIL
TEN MINUTES LATER...
THERE!.. THINGS SHOULD BE BACK TO NORMAL NOW!
NOW, TARDIS!.. FOR PETE'S SAKE, MATERIALIZE!
AHA! SUCCESS... SHE'S SOLID! WE'VE ARRIVED AT LAST!
KNOCK KNOCK
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE LANDED IN PRESENT-DAY LONDON! I'LL TAKE A SCOUT ROUND, THE TARDIS DOESN'T LOOK OUT OF PLACE IN THIS SIDE STREET!
WONDER HOW THE OLD PLACE HAS CHANGED WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?

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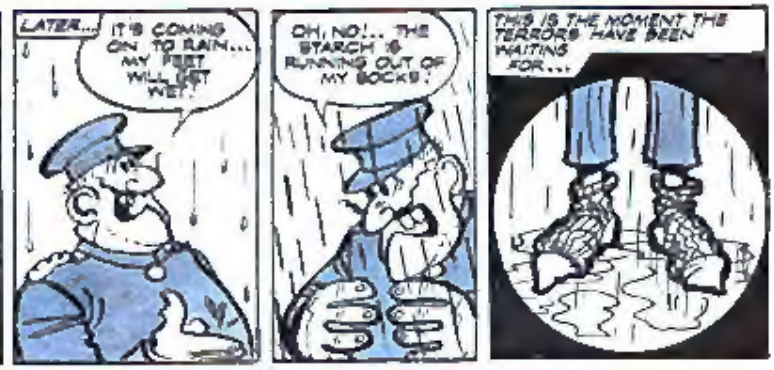
STRANGE FELLOW! HE LOOKS LIKE A ROBOT!
I'LL ASK THIS CHAP WHAT THE DATE IS...
ER...EXCUSE ME! WONDER IF YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO TELL ME THE DATE?..
IT IS 1969, THE YEAR OF THE ZAGBORS... I AM ONE OF THEIR SLAVES!
I AM A SLAVE OF THE ZAGBORS...I DO AS THEY COMMAND!
YES... WE ARE SLAVES!
EARTH'S GONE MAD! THEY'RE ALL HYPNOTISED!
SO THAT'S IT! LONDON'S BEEN INVADED BY THE ZAGBORS AND THEY'RE HYPNOTISING OUR PEOPLE INTO BEING THEIR SERVANTS!
HERE IS A HUMAN WHO HAS NOT BEEN GIVEN THE ENSLAVEMENT TREATMENT... TAKE HIM!
OH, NO! NOW THEY WANT TO HYPNOTISE ME!

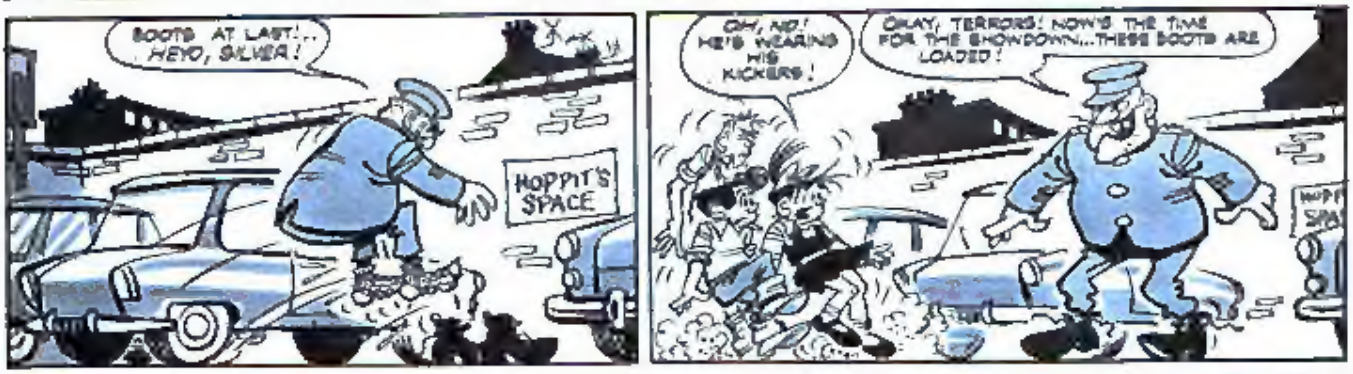
Will the Doctor become a human robot? Don't miss the thrills next week!

TV TERRORS

LOOK! OLD HOPPIT HASN'T ANY BOOTS ON!
HE! HE! THE TERRORS THINK I'M HELPLESS WITHOUT ME KICKERS... THEY'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!
HAR! HAR! I CAN'T FEEL A THING... I'VE HAD MY SOCKS DOUBLE STARCHED!
WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK!


LATER...
IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN... MY FEET WILL GET WET!
OH, NO!... THE STARCH IS RUNNING OUT OF MY SOCKS!
THIS IS THE MOMENT THE TERRORS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR...

LET'S GET HIM... THE RAIN'S MADE HIS SOCKS AS SOFT AS MARSHMALLOWS!
AFTER HIM, GANG!
THEY'RE AFTER ME!... LUCKILY MY BOOTS ARE PARKED CLOSE TO HERE!
STUDIO CAR PARK
HERE WE ARE!


BOOTS AT LAST!... HEYO, SILVER!
HOPPIT'S SPACE
OH, NO! HE'S WEARING HIS KICKERS!
OKAY, TERRORS! NOW'S THE TIME FOR THE SHOWDOWN... THESE BOOTS ARE LOADED!

I'LL JUST HAVE A PRACTICE SWING... WHOOOPS! MY BOOT'S FLOWN OFF!
GULP! NOW I'M FOR IT!
HE! HE! HOPPIT'S BOOT HAS CLUNKED THE PRODUCER!
DOINK!
AWK!
IDIOT!
NOOOEAGH!
YOU CERTAINLY GOT A KICK OUT OF YOUR BOOTS THIS TIME, HOPPIT!
WHUMP!

Next week Hoppit gets involved with a wrestler. It's a knock-out!

POPEYE
I'VE BRUNG ME TOOLS ROUND TO TACKLE THE ODD JOBS YOU WANT DOING, OLIVE!
THAT'S KIND OF YOU, BRUTUS. ISN'T IT A SMART SET?
IF I'D KNOWN YOU WANTED JOBS DOING, I'D HAVE DONE 'EM, BABY!
HUH! BRUTUS HAS A TOOL KIT WITH EVERY NEW GADGET IN IT... ALL YOU'VE GOT IS AN OLD SCREWDRIVER!
FIRST I WANT THAT NAIL KNOCKING IN... IT'S DANGEROUS LIKE THAT!
I'LL FIND THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE JOB IN MY KIT— LEAVE IT TO ME!
THERE YOU ARE, OLIVE! YA DOESN'T NEED A FANCY TOOL KIT TO DO A FIDDLING LITTLE JOB LIKE THAT! ARF! ARF!
COULD YOU USE YOUR ELECTRIC DRILL TO MAKE A HOLE IN THE WALL? I WANT TO PUT A HOOK IN AND HANG THIS PICTURE UP!
IT WON'T TAKE A SECOND WITH MY SUPER DRILL!
BAH! IT WON'T WORK... MUST BE A LOOSE CONNECTION SOMEWHERE!
DRILLS? PHOOEY! I MAKES HOLES WITH ME FINGER!
HOW'S THAT, OLIVE?
HMM! NOT BAD, I SUPPOSE!
GRRR!
MAYBE YOU COULD CUT SOME FIREWOOD FOR ME, BRUTUS? I NEED SOME LOGS!
MY MECHANICAL SAW IS JUST THE THING FOR A JOB LIKE THAT!
WOW! POPEYE'S BREAKING LOGS WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT YER MECHANICAL SAW... I'VE SNAPPED A FEW TWIGS FOR THE FIRE!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME, SQUIRT!
IZZAT SO?
SPINACH
REMEMBER, BRUTUS— THE WORLD'S CHEAPEST TOOL KIT IS A CAN OF SPINACH! ARF! ARF!

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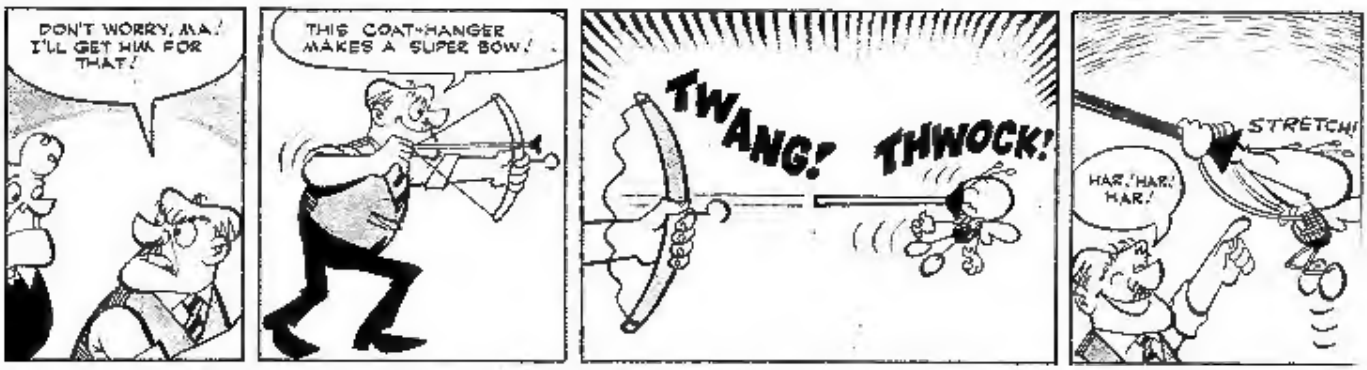
Next week Popeye is forced to scrub round giving Swee'pea a bath!

MIGHTY MOTH



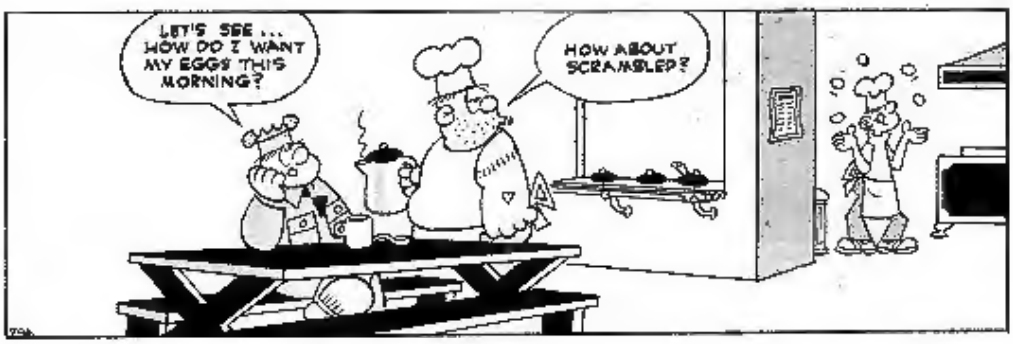
THAT TAUGHT HIM A LESSON!
I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY TO SAVE THIS SKIRT. I'LL CUT THE CHEWED BIT OFF!
LATER...
LOOK! A MINI-SKIRT!
SO...
EVERYONE'S LAUGHING AT US!

NOW WHAT SHALL I HAVE FOR BREAKFAST? AH - DAD'S TURNUPS LOOK TASTY!
I'LL CHEW OFF ALL I NEED AND PUT IT UNDER THE GRILL!
NOTHING LIKE TOASTED TURNUPS FOR BREAKFAST!

OH, NO! LOOK WHAT THAT MOTH'S DONE TO MY NEW TROUSERS!
NEVER MIND, DAD, YOU CAN STILL WEAR THEM - I'LL DO THE SAME AS I DID WITH MY SKIRT!
SO...
HA! HA! HA! DAD LOOKS A TREAT IN HIS MINI-TROUSERS!

Dad has a swinging time next week, trying to swat Mighty Moth

Beetle Bailey's diary

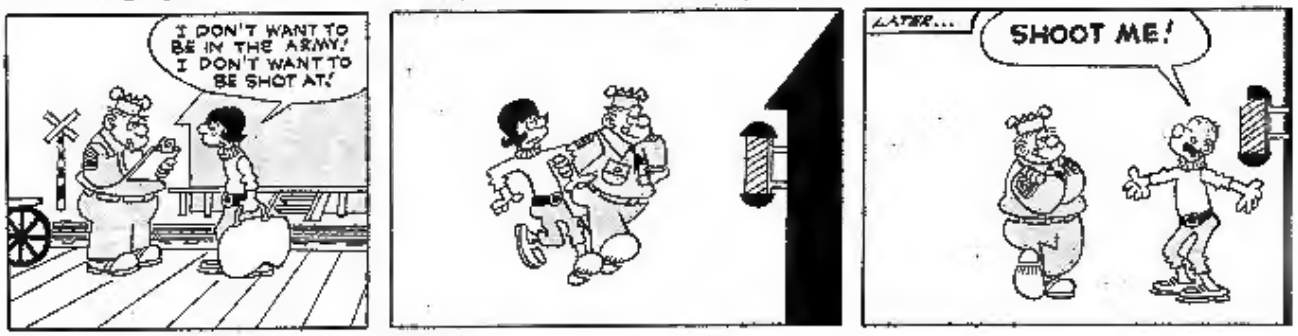


Zero began the day by heading for trouble . . .

Later the General dropped in as I dropped out . . .

SARGE, I'VE FINISHED PATCHING THE ROOF!
COME DOWN THEN! YOU JUST WANTED AN EXCUSE TO HANG BY YOUR TOES!
TEN-HUT!
AT EASE, EVERYONE! AT EASE!
THUD

Then Sarge proved he was the only one who could keep his hair on . . .



By the end of the day I was fagged out . . .

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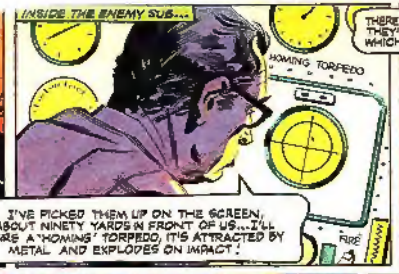
More regimental rib-ticklers in next week's Beetle Bailey!

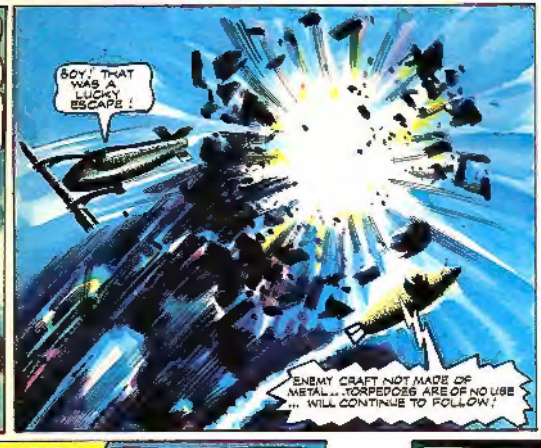
ORLANDO

ORLANDO and Steve have been a secret force for an unfriendly foreign power. Now on a daring dash to Naval Intelligence with it, to find out whether it is a threat to the British Navy, an enemy sub is hot on their trail!


INSIDE THE ENEMY SUB...
HOMING TORPEDO
I'VE PICKED THEM UP ON THE SCREEN, ABOUT NINETY YARDS IN FRONT OF US...I'LL FIRE A 'HOMING' TORPEDO, IT'S ATTRACTED BY METAL AND EXPLODES ON IMPACT!
FIRE
WHAAAM!

THERE'S NO USE IN MY SWERVING ABOUT! THEY'RE BOUND TO USE TORPEDOES WHICH 'HOME' ONTO METAL OBJECTS...
I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS WE'RE DONE FOR..?

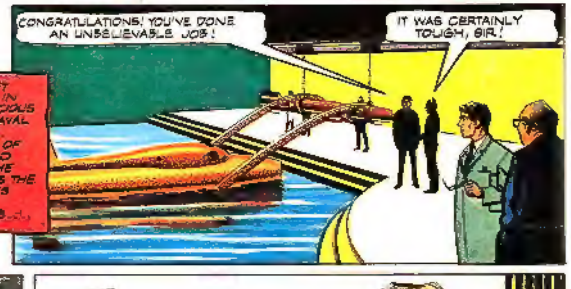
NOT AT ALL, STEVE... DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE COMMANDER TELLING US THE CRAB IS MADE OF HIGHLY DEVELOPED PLASTIC?
OF COURSE... AND 'HOMING' TORPEDOS ARE ONLY ATTRACTED BY METAL!

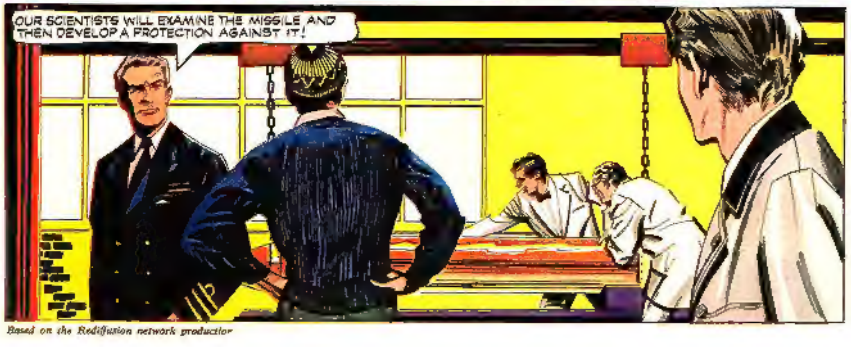


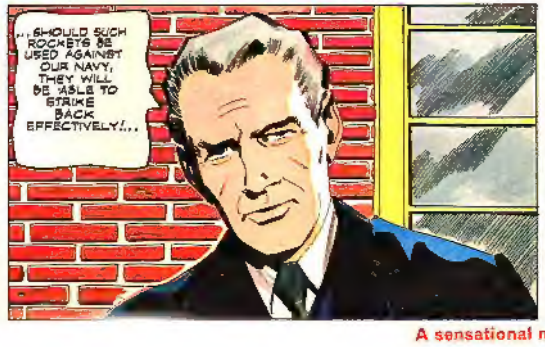
I'M LOSING THE ENEMY SUB, STEVE! WE'LL TUCK BEHIND SOME COVER UP HERE AND LIE LOW TILL THEY GIVE UP LOOKING FOR US!
YOU'RE THE CHAUFFEUR ...WHATEVER YOU SAY!

THEY'RE GOING STRAIGHT PAST, WE'VE GIVEN THEM THE SLIP!
REGRET TO REPORT WE HAVE LOST SIGHT OF THE MISSILE THIEVES... AM RETURNING TO BASE!

SO ORLANDO AND STEVE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE HOVERCRAFT...
SO STEADY...WE DON'T WANT THAT MISSILE GOING UP! WE'VE BROUGHT IT THIS FAR, IT'D BE A SHAME TO GET BLOWN SKY-HIGH NOW!
THE HOVERCRAFT WASTES NO TIME IN SPEEDING ITS PRECIOUS CARGO BACK TO NAVAL INTELLIGENCE. AFTER FOUR DAYS OF TRAVEL ORLANDO TRANSFERS TO THE CRAB AND ENTERS THE SUBMARINE PENS BENEATH HEADQUARTERS...







Based on the Rediffusion network production

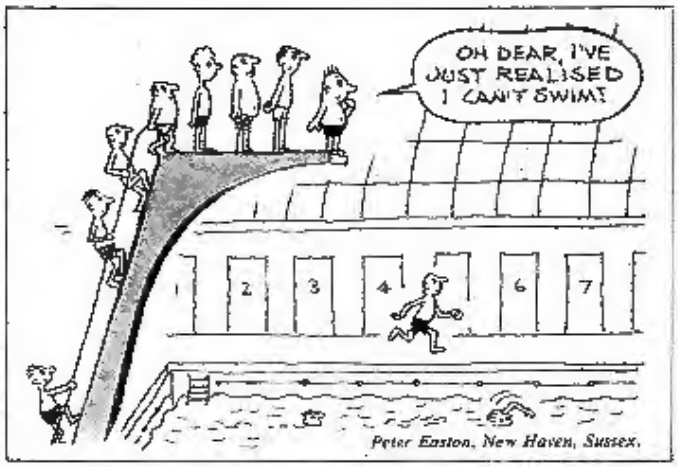
A sensational new adventure starts next week: The Dockland Head Hunters!

PICK OF THE JOKES

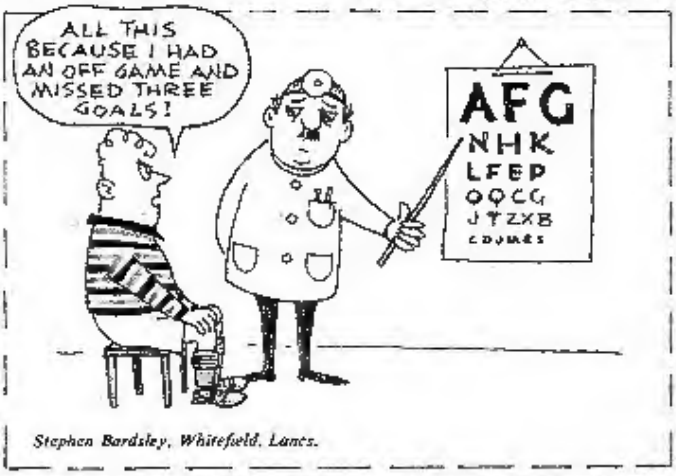
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Colin Jondan, Hucclecote, Gloucester.

Kevin Burke, Lynn, Cheshire.



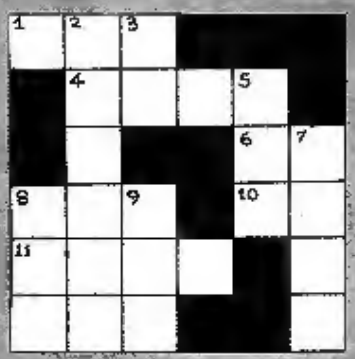
Peter Easton, New Haven, Sussex.



Stephen Bardsley, Whitefield, Lancs.

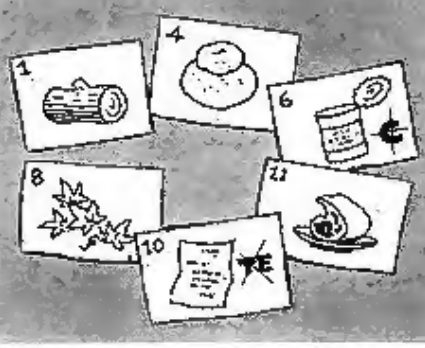
Ronnie Brocklebank, Liverpool.

CROSSWORD



Clues down

Clues across



33 ANIMAL STAMPS **FREE!**

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you this WONDERFUL PACKET OF STAMPS, FREE OF CHARGE, together with a selection of Approvals.

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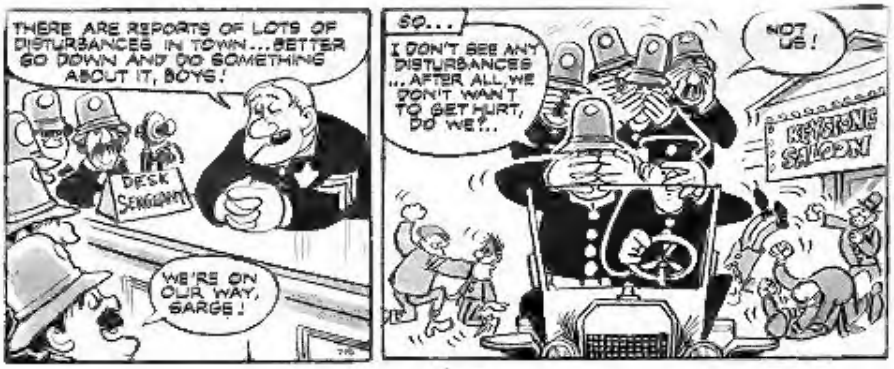
BOB MONKHOUSE'S

MAD MOVIES

featuring

The Keystone Kops


THERE ARE REPORTS OF LOTS OF DISTURBANCES IN TOWN... BETTER GO DOWN AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, BOYS!
DESK SERGEANT
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, SARGE!
SO...
I DON'T SEE ANY DISTURBANCES ... AFTER ALL, WE DON'T WANT TO GET HURT, DO WE?..
NOT US!
KEYSTONE SALOON

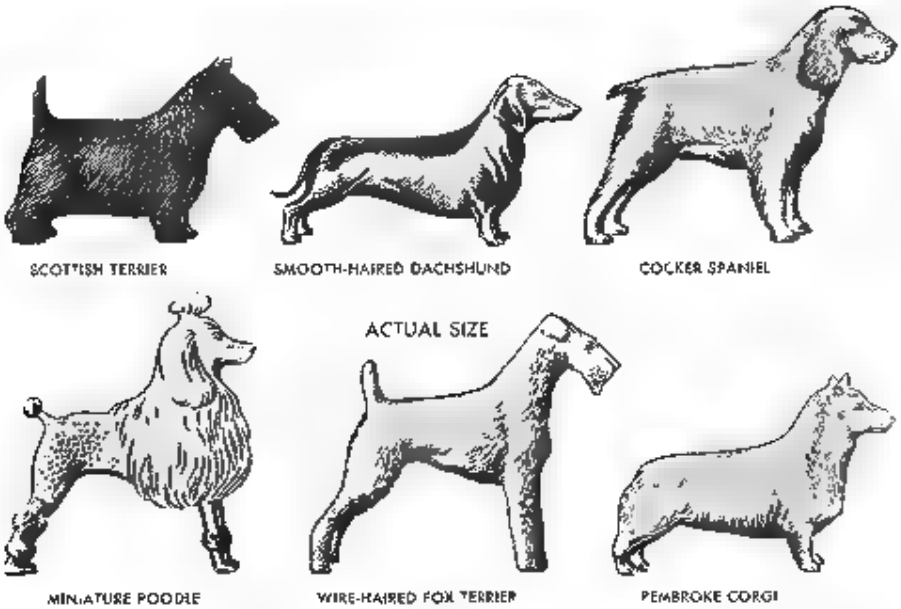
CERTAINLY DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY DISTURBANCES...
THERE'S ONE WE CAN HANDLE...
BETTER BREAK THIS UP... THEY'RE DISTURBING THE PEACE!
TAKE THAT!
YUK!
BREAK IT UP, KIDS... AWK!
OOUCH!

ARF!
LOOT
HEY!.. THAT BIG BANK ROBBER IS PINCHING YOUR KOP CAR!
EH?
RIGHT, WE'LL BORROW YOUR TRICYCLE TO CHASE HIM ON...
SO...
HE'S GOING TOO FAST FOR US...
DON'T WORRY, BOYS... OLD DAN THE FARMER'S SHEEP ARE CROSSING THE ROAD AHEAD! THEY'LL STOP HIM!

N-N-NOT US, S-SIR!
WE'RE JUST ARRESTING DAN THE FARMER FOR CAUSING AN OBSTRUCTION WITH HIS SHEEP... AFTER ALL, THE SARGE SENT US OUT TO STOP DISTURBANCES, DIDN'T HE, BOYS?
OF COURSE HE DID!

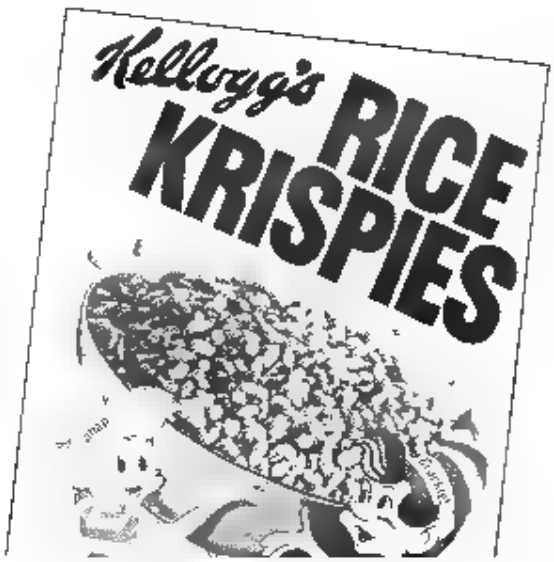
'Alarming' results when the alert goes next week!

LOOK! FREE SETS OF 6 MODEL DOGS FROM Kellogg's



"CHAMPION SHOW DOGS"

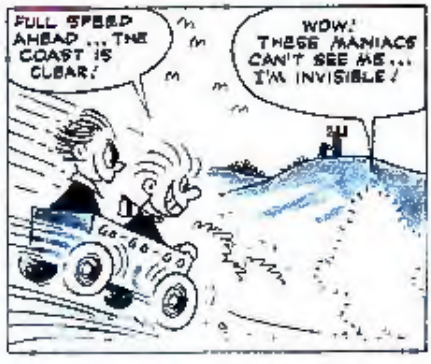
Hurry! These six lifelike models in tan, white or black plastic have been styled from actual show winners. You'll find full details of how to claim your free set of six model dogs on the back of the Kellogg's Rice Krispies packets with the special flash.

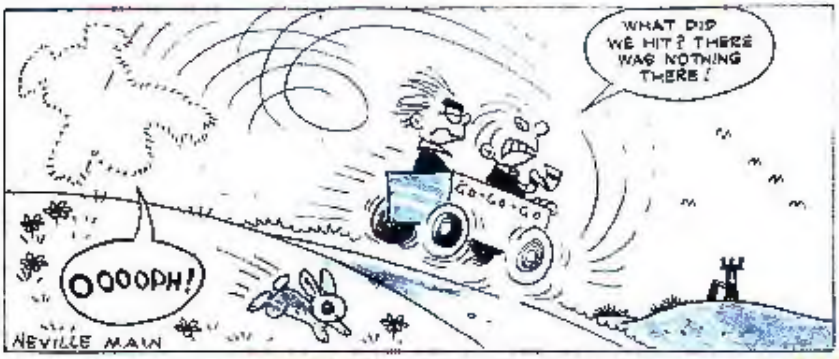


Tivvy

Tivvy created by Atelier Faunt, Finland.

SO...
AHA! THIS NEW STUFF SOUNDS POWERFUL... I'LL TRY IT ON MY STAIN!
SPECIAL OFFER
ZIP the MIRACLE REMOVER POWERFUL CLEANER
ZIP THE WONDER CL





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ADAM ADAMANT

ADAM and Buster are going to see one of Adam's old friends, but Buster thinks that any old friend of Adam's must be dead by now . . .

YOU'RE OFF THE BEAM, ADAM. YOU WON'T FIND THE DUKE OF DOWNSHIRE ALIVE THESE DAYS.
NEVERTHELESS, I AM DETERMINED TO VISIT THIS PLACE. I HAVE WHAT YOU CALL A HUNCH ABOUT IT.

EVE! YOU MUST BE THE DAUGHTER OF MY OLD FRIEND! OR ARE YOU THE GRAND-DAUGHTER?
NEVER MIND WHO SHE IS, MATE. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET HER!

© BBC tv 1967

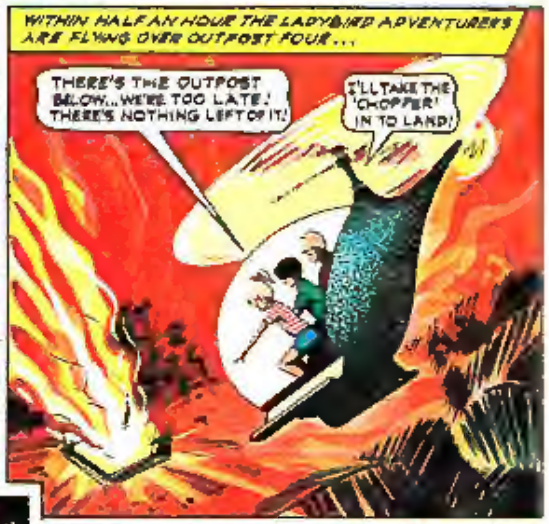
MY GOOD FRIEND, WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
I THINK THE SKY FELL ON ME!
JAMES, WHO ARE THESE MEN? EVE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! ARE THESE THE SCOUNDRELS WHO HAVE DONE IT?
I HARDLY THINK SO, MY LORD. THEY LOOK AS THOUGH THEY TRIED TO PREVENT IT.
MY DEAR SIR, ARE YOU INJURED?
ONLY IN DIGNITY, MY LORD. I FAILED TO SAVE THAT GIRL FROM THE KIDNAPPERS.
THAT GIRL IS MY NIECE, EVE. I AM LORD BASIL, YOUNGER SON OF THE LATE DUKE OF DOWNSHIRE.
THEN I WAS RIGHT. THAT GIRL, EVE, IS THE GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MY OLDEST FRIEND!
WE CAN STILL SAVE HER, ADAM. I HAVE THEIR CAR NUMBER! LET'S GET GOING.
WAIT! WAIT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. I'M GRABBING THIS CAR TO GET AFTER THOSE COSH BOYS.
AW 102
CONFOUND THEIR INTERFERENCE! THEY WILL RUIN EVERYTHING!
NOT EVERYTHING, MY LORD. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO 'PHONE THE CASTLE. I KNOW YOUR PLANS TO OBTAIN EVE'S FORTUNE.
YOU DO, DO YOU? GO TO IT. THEN! RING THE CASTLE AND LET MIKE AND JAKE KNOW THEY ARE BEING FOLLOWED!
UNAWARE OF THE VILLAINY OF LORD BASIL, ADAM AND BUSTER ENJOY THE THRILL OF THE CHASE...
THAT'S THE CAR, ADAM. WE'RE OVERTAKING IT!
MAGNIFICENT, MY FRIEND. THIS IS WHERE WE RESCUE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS...
AW 102

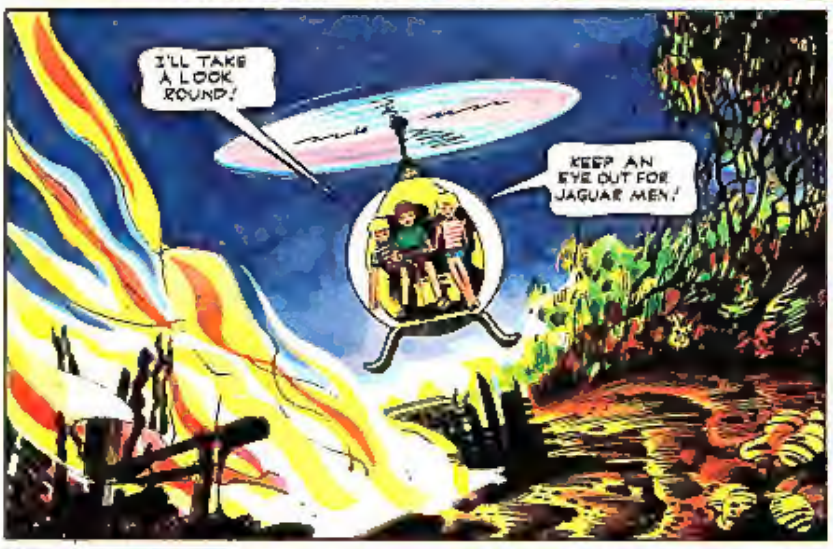
© BBC tv 1967

Adam to the rescue! Don't miss the excitement next week!

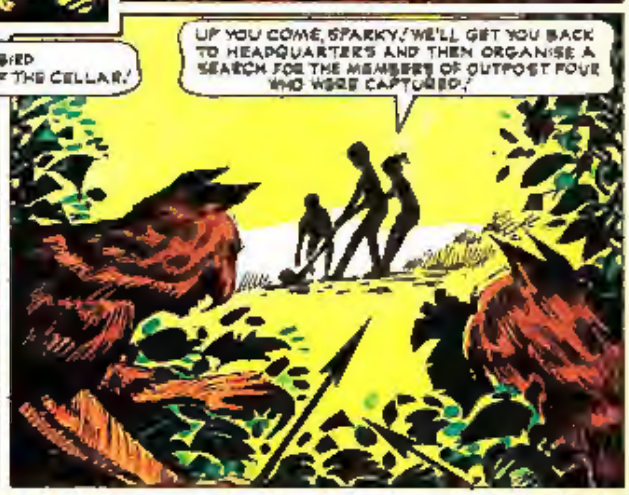
The Secret Sign of the Ladybird Adventurers

Close by their Jungle Headquarters in South America a group of Ladybird members are being attacked in a jungle outpost . . .


WITHIN HALF AN HOUR THE LADYBIRD ADVENTURERS ARE FLYING OVER OUTPOST FOUR...
THERE'S THE OUTPOST BELOW... WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF IT!
I'LL TAKE THE 'CHOPPER' IN TO LAND!



IT'S YOU, SPARKY! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE JAGUAR MEN?
BY ACCIDENT!... PART OF THE FLOOR GAVE WAY JUST BEFORE THE JAGUAR MEN OVER-RAN US... I FELL INTO THE CELLAR AND KNOCKED MYSELF OUT ... THEY'VE TAKEN THE REST OF MY GANG PRISONERS!


UP YOU COME, SPARKY! WE'LL GET YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND THEN ORGANISE A SEARCH FOR THE MEMBERS OF OUTPOST FOUR WHO WERE CAPTURED!

The Jaguar men lurk dangerously close! Next week they attack!